

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, August 25th, 1877.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.
\$2.00 IN ADVANCE, OR \$1.50 IF NOT PAID WITHIN
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Postage Free to all Subscribers.

All payments made by subscribers will be credited on the yellow slips attached to their papers. The printed date is consecutive with the date of mailing, and the time to which he has paid, will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for money remitted by him.

A subscriber desiring to change his post-office address or to discontinue his paper, must communicate to us the name of the office to which it has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Collectors' Notices.

Mr. C. S. AYER will call upon our subscribers in Franklin county during the month of August.

Mr. J. P. CLARK will visit Penobscot county during the month of August.

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We are reluctant to resort to such a course, and trust that all our delinquent subscribers, by a prompt response to this notice, will save themselves and us the unpleasant alternative.

The Indian Famine.

The famine in Southern British India is assuming such fearful proportions as to create great alarm in England and elsewhere. There has been an unprecedented dearth of rain during the entire season, and the inhabitants of a large and densely populated area are already in a starving condition. In Madras and Mysore especially, two of the most important provinces in India, the crops have proved an entire failure, and for six months at least, and until a new crop can be made, the famine must not only continue, but increase in intensity. This same region has frequently suffered more or less from a dearth of the crops when there has been a lack of rain, but judging from the reports which have been received since the last of July, it is evident that the impending disaster will fall more heavily upon India than any that have preceded it, at least, since it has been under British rule.

England is bound by her obligations to do all in her power to mitigate the terrible calamity, but the vast region now threatened contains eighteen millions of human beings, and the energies of the home government were heavily taxed last year to make up the deficiency of a short crop; and now that a total failure is imminent, it will be quite impossible by any expenditure of public money, to prevent millions from dying of starvation.

A public meeting is stated to have been held in the city of Madras on the 9th of August, when the Sanitary Commission reported that within the stricken districts a million and a half of persons, were in a state of absolute destitution, and that half a million had already died of sheer starvation. The report is appalling and the situation terrible to contemplate. According to this account the victims of the famine already outnumber the forces of both armies in the war between the Russians and Turks. The world was shocked at the details of the Bengal famine a year or two ago, but a speaker made the statement at the meeting just referred to, that the number dead in a single morning in Madras was greater than the entire number of victims of the famine in Bengal. By referring to the map it will be seen that the city of Madras is situated in the Southern part of British India and under about the fourteenth parallel of North latitude. On account of its great distance from places from which supplies can be furnished, the work of relief is attended with many difficulties, and of necessity, proceeds slowly.

MOVEMENTS OF THE PRESIDENT'S PARTY. The President left Bennington the last of the week and spent the Sabbath at the farm of Secretary Everts in Windsor. Monday he bade adieu to the Green Mountain State and came by way of White River Junction to the Fabian House and then to the top of Mt. Washington where he spent the night. At Wells River, Bath, Littleton, and at other points all along the line, large crowds gathered and warmly greeted the President as he passed.

Saturday morning five young men, Stephen Hall, aged 22, Vinton Franklin, aged 28, Frank Houston and Augustus Houston, aged 22 and 25, of West Gray, went out in a boat on Sebago Pond. About noon the boat was upset, and Messrs. Hall, Small and Frank Houston were drowned. The Master of the Bonyard Mint has lately published some most significant figures on this point. The amount of silver bullion in each party, remaining from the winding down of personal ornaments, received in the Mint in May, was about \$50,000, and in June the amount was still higher, and any one acquainted with the conduct of the work of the public service knows well enough that they have no means of buying food without the amount of the wages they earn on government relief works.¹

The same correspondent also notes that while the demand for grain has steadily increased, the imports have fallen off, indicating that the means for purchasing are becoming diminished and that still further demands must be made on the government. It is not the practice of the natives of India to accumulate large fortunes, but they are fond of jewelry and must be sorely pressed with want to part with it. The future of this great multitude of people for the next six months at least, is hard to contemplate, and the appalling fate which overshadows them will excite the sympathies of all Christendom. The task however imposed upon the government of Great Britain is a difficult one, requiring to meet an entire attention, and it is fortunate that for the present, the Eastern war calls for no interference on her part. England may yet find that it costs more to look after and defend her far-off Indian dependencies than they are worth, but so long as she assumes authority over them they are entitled to her fostering care.

BENNINGTON CENTENNIAL. The rain interfered somewhat with the programme of the Bennington Centennial, but on the whole it was a grand success. The procession, Thursday, was said to be the most imposing ever witnessed in America on any Centennial occasion. It was three miles long and contained over 5000 persons and was witnessed by 30,000. One of the pleasant features of the celebration was the almost entire absence of drunkenness and rowdism. The President, with several members of his Cabinet, was present, and eight Governors of States. Among the latter was Gov. Connor, who made a capital little speech on being called out. He and his staff reached home the last of the week.

CITY NEWS AND GOSSIP.

Messrs. North and Davis have contracted with Norton & Son to do the mason work on their new block to be erected south of the Post office. It is to be completed before September. —The Cony Brothers paid two hundred dollars for the exclusive right to erect booths on the master ground. They sold a large number of rights to other parties and will make a good thing out of it.

M. C. Dolloff's horse stampeded through the street Saturday, attached to a market wagon. This thing is becoming too common, and the ordinance against leaving horses on the street without hitching should be enforced.—Lewis D. Moore, employed in the United States Treasury Department in Washington, is spending his vacation at his old home in this city.—Col.

F. M. Drew is rusticaing in Aroostook. Judge True is absent on his vacation, and Recorder E. W. Clark will visit Penobscot county during the month of August.

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The fourth race, 2.34 class, was for a purse of \$250. Careless Boy won the first meeting, Honest Farmer the second, Black Rose the third, and Royal Knox the fourth. Best time 2.34.

The races closed Tuesday. The 2.50 race for two hundred dollar purse, was won by Belle Knox, Fanny third and Young Winthrop fourth. Best time 2.34.

In the Stallion race at Presumpscot Park Friday for a purse of \$200, best time in five, was won by s. Tom B. Patchen, four heats started. Won by Belle Knox, with Bay Dick second, Fanny third and Young Winthrop fourth. Best time 2.34.

On Monday the 2.38 class purse of two hundred dollars was won by Iwo, with Triumphant second, and Waldo Chief third. Best time 2.35.

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The races closed Tuesday. The 2.50 race for two hundred dollar purse, was won by Belle Knox, Lady Malcolm second, General Griffin third. Best time 2.34.

The free for all race was a failure, owing to the withdrawal of horses to attend the races at Lewiston.

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The August meeting at Lewiston park opened Tuesday. Eighty-three entries have been made. Tuesday the stallion race, ten entries, was won by Tom B. Patchen. Second, 2.29, 2.30, 2.31 1-2. Pilgrim second. Best time 2.34.

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The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

"Allow for the Crawl."

A Homily.

You have often, no doubt, occasion to note, though the earnest, at first, seemed certain to please.
There was a time when the sleeve of your coat, toward the shoulder was crawling, by easy degrees;
And then, what the clothier, of course, had in mind, When he said to a customer, "Long—not at all!"
The sleeve is just right, and will present itself—
It's cutting a coat we allow for the crawl!"

II.

The expression was one which few see to their own satisfaction; and now well it is known,
Though not to coats, but to women and men,
In matters of life they daily arrest.

Consequently, "allow for the crawl!"—
The promise, how great; the performance, how small;

And the disappointment should come unawares,
Remember the sleeve—and "allow for the crawl!"

III.

The statesman who asks for your ballot to save
Your country, so rashly impelled to do,

May cover an office, not be a man of sense,
But, "allow for the crawl!"—and then say,

But the "plutocrat" who so valiantly claims,
"I'm not a fool!"—and then say,

"I'm not a fool!"—and then say,

And in politics always "allow for the crawl!"

IV.

You are surely in love with the sweetest of girls;
In social connections; in travel and trade;

In courtship and marriage; in sermons, prayers,
And in the like; but still you always make

Find, in a prudent, though generous man,
Untrustful in his neighbor, who finds the truth,

Conjugal kindness, "allow for the crawl!"

V.

In brief, recall that in your affairs;

As in social connections; in travel and trade;

In courtship and marriage; in sermons, prayers,
And in the like; but still you always make

Find, in a prudent, though generous man,
Untrustful in his neighbor, who finds the truth,

Conjugal kindness, "allow for the crawl!"

—John G. Stace.

Our Story Teller.

MR. ROCHELDA'S COURTHOUSE.

CHAPTER I.

About four miles from Keweenaw, high up among the mountains, is a small town called Whatenupshut; shut in as it is on every side by lofty precipices and masses of rock, it is one of the wildest spots that nature can show.

It is a most glorious Autumn afternoon. On a pile of low craggy rocks the snow of Whatenupshut, two girls, dressed in a light blue coat and skirt, are busily and comfortably settled, with books and umbrellas. A tall, strong young man is standing at the foot of the rocks meditatively fishing.

"Fred, who has bought the Tarwood estate, asks the bright-faced lady in brown,

No answer, unless the deft dropping of a bracket over the surface of the deep, still pool may be taken for one. The lady in brown undidly tosses a small stone down at her husband.

"Fred, how stupid you are! Who has bought Tarwood?"

"Oh, Mr. Rochdale," murmured the absorbed fisher, coaxing his fly along the water in delicate little jerks.

"Rochdale—who is he?" pursues the lad.

"Hush-hush, Trix! I'll tell you in a minute. There's a spindly fellow over there. I must have him!" Fred drops his fly just where the little water circles indicate his face.

A few moments of deaf coaxing, the tempting bracken, and the pretty speckled fish lie panting in the open basket along with a half dozen more innocent victims to "Three pounds if he's an ounce!" cries Fred, triumphantly, proceeding to re-bait his line. "What did you ask me a minute ago?"

"Who has bought Tarwood? Mr. Rochdale, did you say?"

"Yes; he is a Manchester man, rich enough to buy all Keweenaw, including Silver Bay, in fact, a field of gold."

"A Manchester cotton don, no grandfather, and no grammar," comments the gray lady severely.

"Whoever saw you, know nothing about it, I begin," Trix, bursting up. "The Manchester people are not a whit behind the rest of the world, and they are a great deal too good to be maligned and sneered at even if their grandfathers not grammar, which is about as ridiculous an assertion, Syrie!"

"Good gracious, Trix, don't get so excited! I don't want to injure your beloved Manchester, but I'll tell you if you like, and its inhabitants' angels."

"Dowmhan, be absurd!" returns Trix, cooling down. "Of course you have never lived there, so you don't know how hospitable and—"

"When two young persons have finished squabbling, perhaps you will allow me to correct your ignorance, or I'll give you a lesson," interposes Frank.

"In the first place, Miss Arnold, Frank Rochdale has nothing to do with cotton; he is an engineer. He does not care a straw whether it is a great field of gold or a bunch of first-rate rags himself, and as to his grammar, well—here and there Fred stops, and a gleam of suspicion crosses his eyes.

"Trix, I am going to tell you all about him," says Syrie, smiling another stone in her sister-in-law's hat.

Trix avoids the pearly dexterously.

"I never saw two such peculiarly calm lovers as Ernest and you in all my life. Please answer his letter?"

"No," says Syrie, smiting another stone in the bird's nest.

"A letter a month old, and not answered yet. Well, suppose it's the result of a long course of neglect."

"Naturally we don't agitate ourselves," returns Syrie placidly. "What is the use of writing? We have nothing special to say."

Trix casts a look of astonishment at her sister-in-law.

"Fred wrote to me every day," confesses she.

"Oh, I dare say," rejoins Syrie lazily.

"But then you are so tremendously energetic."

"Are you ever going to be married?" inquires Trix, with a look of inquiry at her.

"Oh, yes, I might take Syrie, but I cannot answer either for her grammar or her vagaries. Please, if you hear of any news from Ernest, tell me."

"I wish you would go to Tarwood," says Mr. Arnold.

"There's going to be a storm, and the wind is sweeping these clouds right over the lake, and it will persist in driving southward; but there's a narrow strip of land between the shore of the lake and the rocks to the north, and it's getting quite chilly. And just look how suddenly those clouds have gathered! If it comes on, our only safe port will be the harbor of the Grange."

"I won't be long, will you, Fred?"

"But trix, anxiously eyeing the heavy rain-clouds swooping rapidly down the valley."

"Not twenty minutes, but I have a lively time of it."

"I will take that trout for you," and

the member of men who had been seeking the lead interest in "sisters" and "homes," and "albs" and "chapsibles," and all the other pet creeds of the Grange, replies, "I'll be there in the dark fat Downham of Tarwood; we shall be married some day; but for goodness' sake, let me have some peace beforehand."

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"Not twenty minutes, but I have a lively time of it."

"I will take that trout for you," and

the member of men who had been seeking the lead interest in "sisters" and "homes," and "albs" and "chapsibles," and all the other pet creeds of the Grange, replies, "I'll be there in the dark fat Downham of Tarwood; we shall be married some day; but for goodness' sake, let me have some peace beforehand."

"I wish you would go to Tarwood," says Mr. Arnold.

"There's going to be a storm, and the wind is sweeping these clouds right over the lake, and it will persist in driving southward; but there's a narrow strip of land between the shore of the lake and the rocks to the north, and it's getting quite chilly. And just look how suddenly those clouds have gathered! If it comes on, our only safe port will be the harbor of the Grange."

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